

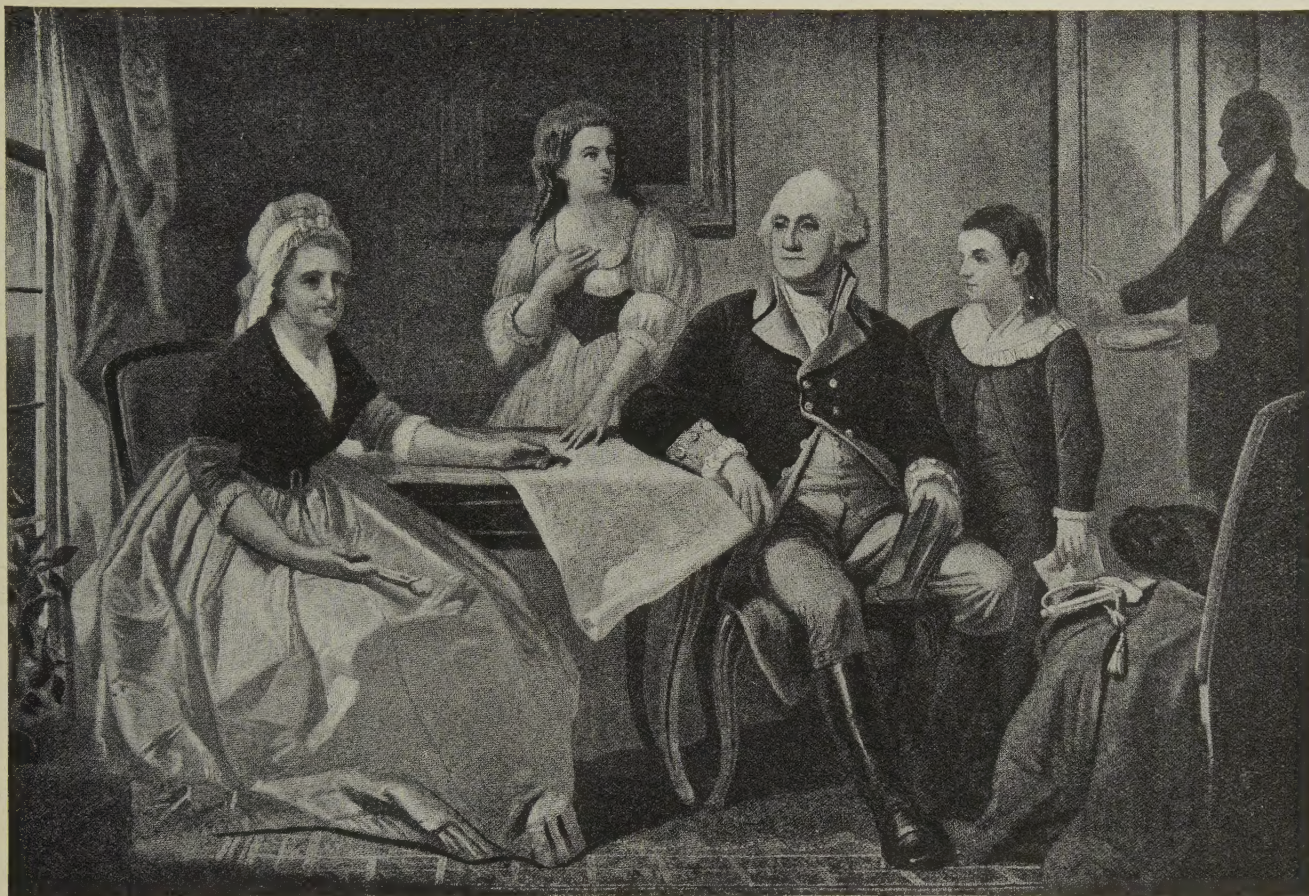
THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME VII. No. 21

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

FEBRUARY 18, 1917



WASHINGTON AND HIS FAMILY.

Harley and the Patriotic Program.

BY EMILIE HENDERSON.

HARLEY was on his way to school, a tall, awkward boy mounted on legs so long that he seemed to be walking on stilts. His dog Ponto trotted beside him.

Donald Harper came running out of his home and across the lawn. In his haste to reach the playground he had escaped from the table with a chicken leg which he was eating. "Hello, Beanpole!" he called as he ran around Harley. Then, checking his steps, he turned and called Ponto, holding out the drumstick.

Ponto was always hungry. He had gone through a half-starved puppyhood and had never since been able to catch up in the matter of food. He bounded forward in reach of the tempting bit, when Donald suddenly withdrew it, rubbed Ponto's nose roughly with a mittened hand, and laughed, "Fooled again, Ponto!" then ran on.

Ponto turned a hungry, questioning look toward his master that went straight to Harley's boyish heart. He, too, was hungry. His mother had been called to a neighbor's this morning, and he had prepared his own breakfast. He knew, too, how it felt to be

laughed at by Donald. He opened the lunch-box he carried, took from it a sandwich, removed the slice of meat and gave it to Ponto, then stood watching him eat it.

"Good-morning, Harley!" Harley's face lighted at this greeting from Miss Merrill, his teacher. Miss Merrill made the one bit of brightness for him in this strange school into which he had lately come. She paused to pat Ponto and inquire, "Whose dog is this?"

"Mine," answered Harley.

"Well, don't feed him all your lunch; you'll be hungry," she smiled as she hurried on.

At school this morning there was a pleasant air of excitement. The room was decorated for a patriotic program to be given soon in honor of Washington's Birthday. A picture of this hero hung in front of the school, and the walls were gay with flags. It was all very thrilling and unusual.

"I'm to be George Washington," Donald proudly announced at playtime. "My mother is making a suit for me with lace ruffles, and I'm to have slippers with silver buckles, and a three-cornered hat, and carry a sword." Harley listened in a sort of awe to all this. How wonderful it would be to act such a part!

Miss Merrill had told the school a story about Washington the day before. To-day she told another, to which all listened with breathless interest. "The hero of this story," she said as she finished, "was Abraham Lincoln, whose birthday, you know, is also in February. I've been wondering if you wouldn't like to celebrate both birthdays in our program."

"Oh, yes!" came from all sides.

"I have a good part for Lincoln," Miss Merrill went on. "I think I've found just the right boy for it, too, and that is Harley."

"Beanpole!" sprang to Donald's lips, but he choked the exclamation back. Miss Merrill was always right.

"You know," she went on, "Lincoln was very tall, like Harley." She did not add, "and very gaunt and homely, too." Instead, she said something much pleasanter, which was: "And the best of it is that Harley is like Lincoln in another way. I've found that he is very kind to animals. You all know that Lincoln was."

Yes, indeed! The story Miss Merrill had read had illustrated this very point.

"Harley will do anything for Ponto." This came proudly from Donald. Harley, his eyes shining with pride, was so surprised that he could hardly believe his ears. But,

then, everything was surprising this morning. That he, Beanpole, should be one of the heroes of the program, the most so of all!

"You see," Miss Merrill finished, "I like to have the boy who takes a great man's part something like him in looks, and I am still more pleased when he is like him in heart."

"George Washington never told a lie," quoted Donald, "I don't tell lies either."

"That's good!" answered Miss Merrill. "And remember, George Washington was a very courteous gentleman—polite to all."

Donald said nothing to this, but he must have thought very earnestly; for when school was dismissed he called out, "Come on, Old Abe, let's see who can run faster, Washington or Lincoln!" And as Harley's long legs went flying over the schoolground in answer, his heart was as light as his heels, for he was no longer "Beanpole." He had been honored by two of the best loved of American names, "Lincoln" and "Old Abe."

Washington's Birthday.

BY CARRIE B. CHANDLER.

IT'S Washington's birthday, my birthday too.

I'm awfully glad. Guess what I do? When teacher says, "To-morrow will be A holiday," I pretend it's for me, And think to myself, "I'm going to be great And that is the reason that they celebrate."

I think it's too bad that George Washington Could not have stayed home to have some fun On his own birthday. Had to study and dig In his little coat and his funny wig Every single day. Folks ought to have known He was sure to be great when he was grown.

For a boy that just couldn't tell a lie (I'm afraid I could if I'd half try)— And a boy that was always brave and strong Yet wouldn't fight because it was wrong, Was always honest and square and true, Was bound to be great, I think, don't you?

We are sort of twins, but I want to be Lots more like him than he is like me. And I mean to have fun enough for us two On our birthday, as a twin ought to do, Since they made it a holiday too late To give him a chance to celebrate.

How They Celebrated Washington's Birthday.

BY ANNIE CHUNN CANDEE.

"PLEASE tell us something else"; please tell us some more," came as a refrain from the three children as big Cousin Dick finished the recital of each interesting incident he had witnessed in Europe during the war.

Almost as soon as the war broke out, Cousin Dick, who had lately graduated from college, went to France and offered his services in the ambulance work. He was home in America now for a few months' vacation, but would return to Europe soon.

"I promised to tell you how they celebrated Washington's Birthday in one of the hospitals, didn't I," laughed Cousin Dick; "but you have kept me so busy telling you other things, I haven't reached that story yet."

"Tell it now," chimed Mark and Marjorie, who were seated on the arms of Cousin Dick's big chair. "Tell it now," echoed little Dotty, perched on Cousin Dick's knee.

"Early last winter," proceeded Cousin Dick, "a large shipment of bandages and other hospital supplies was sent by friends in America to a certain hospital not far from the front. As a surprise for the wounded soldiers who had been confined a long time in this hospital, little bags, one for each of these soldiers, were also sent. These bags contained many useful things that convalescent soldiers like but might not be able to get for themselves. There were pads of paper and pencils, small musical instruments, games and puzzles, books, bed-slippers, tooth paste, and other things, including bandanna handkerchiefs, which are always popular with soldiers."

"The supplies reached Bordeaux promptly, but remained there for weeks because the railroads were needed for transporting soldiers. It was late in February when the supplies finally reached the hospital for which they were intended."

"The nurses in the hospital decided that since the gifts had come from America and the twenty-second was a few days off it would be a pretty courtesy to American friends to distribute their surprise bags to the soldiers on that day."

"On the morning of the twenty-second, after the soldiers had had breakfast and had been made as comfortable as possible, the Red Cross nurses went through the wards distributing the gifts. Each soldier was delighted when he was handed one of the bags; he examined it and its contents as eagerly as you kiddies examine your Christmas stockings."

"By a common impulse those who found red, white, or blue bandanna handkerchiefs in their bags strung them together and at a signal from one of their comrades waved the colors together above their heads shouting joyously,—

"Vive l'Amerique!"

There was a silence as Cousin Dick finished speaking. In imagination the children had wandered far away to the wounded soldiers in the hospital wards who are so grateful for kindness shown them.

"I'm glad they did it on Washington's

Birthday," said Mark, at length, his eyes glistening as he gently stroked Cousin Dick's khaki sleeve.

When I Was a Boy.

UP in the attic where I slept
When I was a boy—a little boy!
In through the lattice the moonlight crept,
Bringing a tide of dreams that swept
Over the low, red trundle-bed,
Bathing the tangled curly head,
While moon beams played at hide and seek
With the dimples on the sun-browned cheek—
When I was a boy—a little boy!

And, oh, the dreams, the dreams I dreamed
When I was a boy—a little boy!
For the grace that through the lattice streamed
Over my folded eyelids seemed
To have the gift of prophecy,
And to bring me glimpses of times to be
Where manhood's clarion seemed to call.
Ah, that was the sweetest dream of all—
When I was a boy—a little boy!

I'd like to sleep where I used to sleep
When I was a boy—a little boy!
For in at the lattice the moon would peep,
Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep
The crosses and griefs of the years away
From the heart that is weary and faint to-day,
And those dreams should give me back again
A peace I have never known since then
When I was a boy—a little boy!

EUGENE FIELD.

The Right Kind of a King.

Aunt Mary was talking to little Edna about different great kings and what they had done. At length Edna asked, "Wasn't Washington a good king?"

"Why, child," replied Aunt Mary, "Washington was our first President."

Edna looked thoughtful for a moment and then she said, "Well, he might not have been king of a country; but he was a king *in heart*, wasn't he?"

OUR CIVIC CREED



OD hath made of one blood all nations of men, and we are His children—brothers and sisters all. We are citizens of these United States, and we believe our flag stands for self-sacrifice for the good of all the people.

We want, therefore, to be true citizens of our great country, and will show our love for her by our works. Our country does not ask us to die for her welfare. She asks us to live that her government may be pure, her officers honest and every corner of her territory a place fit to grow the best men and women who shall rule over her.

MARY McDOWELL

When Billy and the Shadows Met.

BY E. M. HUBACHEK.

BILLY ADAMS sat bolt upright in bed. Somehow there seemed to be an unfriendly presence in the dim shadows near him. Billy was only six and longed to be a soldier like his father and grandfather. Finally the tired ache of his muscles and the low hum of voices from the room below brought some consolation. He was a guest of the great General Rufus Putnam who helped to bring the Revolution to a glorious close. He must not be afraid. Then he remembered sleepily how he had watched the preparations for a secret meeting. The windows were closely shuttered, doors bolted, and Continental officers, like his father, were admitted with all the secrecy and quiet necessary in troubled times.

He had wanted to see the roll of valuable papers, covered with drawings of forts, which his father was to take to General Washington, but he had fallen asleep before they were unrolled and his father had carried him upstairs to bed, much to Billy's disappointment.

He was wide awake now as he lay back on his pillow, and just a mite afraid, being alone in the upper story of a strange house. The windows rattled startlingly, the shadows on the walls were hideous as they flickered, and the heavy wooden ceiling of his bed seemed a monster ready to pounce on him. Billy closed his eyes with a determined effort to be brave. "They're only shadows," he told himself, "and shadows can't hurt me."

But he could not force sleep. Soon he opened his eyes again. The shadows seemed like long, sinewy arms stretched out to grab him, and the awful ceiling of his bed was coming down to crush him; he could feel how it caged him in. He drew the sheet over his head and shivered.

The more he wanted to hide the oftener he looked out, and every time he looked he grew more frightened. At last it seemed as though those long hands must get him, and the ceiling must fall. Then he jumped out of bed and rushed breathlessly down the stairs.

The sitting-room door was closed.

"Let me in, oh, please let me in!" sobbed Billy, hysterically. "I—I'm afraid!"

"Afraid?" questioned his father, quietly, as he opened the door. "What are you afraid of?"

"That awful bed," cried Billy, as he stood white and trembling.

His father looked astonished. "Afraid of a bed?" he said. "William, I'm surprised. A soldier's son must never be afraid."

Billy checked his sobs.

"I want you to be particularly brave, my son; won't you go back now, to prove your courage?" and Colonel Adams smiled as he watched his small boy turn towards the stairs, and then closed the door.

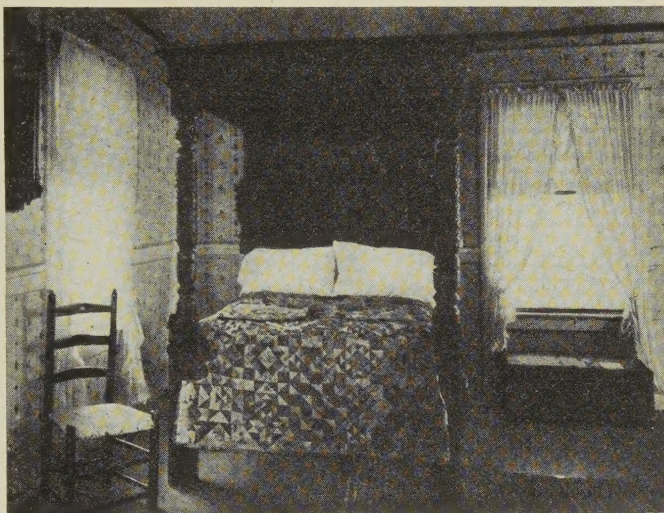
Billy stood still, petrified with fright. He hated himself for being a coward, but he knew he could never go upstairs to that bed again alone. Dejectedly he sat on the steps to think over the situation.

It seemed but a short time before something passed between him and the light at the far end of the hall. He knew then he was not alone. He was positive that some one was

hiding in the shadowy corner of that dimly lighted hallway, and, strangely enough, he was not frightened at a real object, only phantoms scared Billy.

Suddenly a shot rang out from behind the house, then another, and still another. The living-room door opened cautiously and one by one the General and his staff filed by, each with a musket raised ready to fire. The shots continued outdoors. The men in the house had stationed themselves at the west windows, their muskets pointed towards the small opening in the wooden shutters.

An ominous silence awed Billy. His heart beat quickly, his hands grew cold, his muscles tense. The men in the further room fired and answering shots made a great uproar. Some one blew out the light in the hall and in the darkness Billy felt a man brush past him. In the dim light he could see that it was a stranger, and it came to him like a flash that he was after those valuable papers his father and General Putnam talked about. With this thought uppermost he hurried into the living-room heedless of real danger. He found all dark, but getting down on his hands and knees he felt his way along till he got to the table. He knew the exact



"That awful bed!"

position of the papers and he forgot his fear in the excitement of the moment. Above the sound of the firing he heard the clank of a sword as it hit a chair. The spy was in the room. He must hurry, he must get to the table first; those papers meant everything to his father and the army; he remembered their talk before he went to bed. He put out his hands carefully and felt about for the loose sheets. Finally he got what he felt was right and swiftly crept back out of the way and dropped down under the table, with tense nerves and fast beating heart.

For a moment a sickening fear came over him. He had what he wanted, but he was alone with a spy. He heard a step. The uproar outdoors was growing louder. A boot came close to his hand, papers rattled over his head. His heart sank. What if he hadn't the right papers after all! What if the spy should find him! He sat motionless. A window was raised, a shutter opened, and then he heard a dull thud. The spy had jumped to the ground.

Billy breathed freely again. Then he heard a shrill whistle from a distance. It came as a signal, the firing grew less and still less and before long it was quiet. The enemy had gone.

Suddenly the General rushed into the room with a light. He stopped at the empty table. "Gentlemen," he called excitedly, "did any of you take the papers we were discussing?" No answer came, but as the General began a frantic search his men hurried to help him.

"Colonel," Billy heard some one say, "look here, your boy is fast asleep under the table."

"No, I'm not!" cried Billy, who felt that he had lost his cowardice. "I've been sitting on these!"

"The papers,—where did you get them?" was the cry.

"I took them when the 'Red-coat' came in."

"One of the enemy in the house? Where did you see him?" demanded the General.

"He came from the hall where he'd been hiding," answered Billy, "and when the firing began he blew out the light and slipped in here. I got ahead of him though," he added proudly. "I had seen the papers when—when I called father out to the door, so I knew just where they lay, and he didn't. I was awful scared," Billy continued, "when I had them safe, for he was so near I thought we'd meet. I never liked the dark before in all my life. I didn't duck too soon, for he got the other roll, jumped out the window, and blew his whistle."

The General was too astonished to speak.

"That's when the fighting stopped," Billy's father added.

"William," said General Putnam at last, as he put his hand on the boy's head, "your bravery has saved a city. These are the fortification plans for New York."

Billy looked proudly up at his father.

"Your courage will make a man of you," said Colonel Adams. "Tell us just where you saw the 'Red-coat,' son."

Billy pointed to the stairs.

"But, William," said the General, kindly, "how did you happen to be in the hall? I thought you were long in bed."

Billy hung his head. He had forgotten he had been a coward. It took all his courage to confess. "I—I was afraid of that bed and—the shadows," he answered faintly. Then with sudden determination he looked up at his father and said, "I'm going upstairs now, sir, I'm going to bed, and—I'm going alone!"

"Bravo!" said the General and his father in unison.

"You'll live to be proud of your son," General Putnam added as the boy disappeared upstairs, "for, like many an older soldier, William is no coward when real danger confronts him."

The Way to Happiness.

HAVE you lost the way to happiness? Come, I will lead you back.

We'll turn from this road of selfishness—To the right, on Duty's track.

If we keep on that highway forever,

Our courage will daily grow strong,

And our days will be full of music,

And our nights will be full of song.

Selected.



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND,
33, Forthill Terrace.

Dear Miss Buck,—Perhaps you will think it strange hearing from an Aberdeen Unitarian. It all happened like this. Last Saturday two other Sunday school teachers and myself were sent as delegates to a meeting at Dundee. The minister there was a dear soul, and in showing the three of us around, he gave each of us a copy of *The Beacon*. And I was so greatly charmed with the back page that I, too, resolved to write to you. We have a very beautiful little church; just shortly after it was opened there appeared an article in the evening paper, called "Sanctuary." That was it. Our minister, too, Rev. Lucking Tavener is extremely popular, for not only can he preach sermons, but he can also deliver the most fascinating lectures, and you ought to see the pictures he paints!

Very sincerely yours,
KITTY GEORGE.

PORTLAND, ORE.,
659 Hoyt Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club.

I often go on long walks. The other day I had a

most interesting one with my brother, who is sixteen years old, and my cousin. We came to a creek and, following it up for a while, we found a lot of beaver dams.

The beavers fell trees across the creek and then make a solid wall of mud and sticks underneath. Some of the trees are six inches through.

They put a store of sticks on the upper side of the dam. They eat the bark off of these and eat grubs.

On the banks of the stream are slides made by the beavers. Some come from way up on the top of a hill where they haul wood down.

I am twelve years old and in the eighth grade.

Sincerely yours,
SUSAN TUCKER.

Other new members of our Club are Evelyn H. Snyder, Palo Alto, Cal.; Alice E. Phillipson, Chicago, Ill.; Rena Hawley, Geneseo, Ill.; Sara Pattee, Laconia, N.H.; Josephine and Minnie Basil, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Marion Randaisi, New York City; Ruth Meyer, White Plains, N.Y.; Earl Swinbourne, Alma and Edna Vatter, Cincinnati, Ohio; Virginia Steenrod, Dayton, Ohio; Rowena A. Bowen, Riverside, R.I.; Kenneth Brotnov, Bellingham, Wash.

Sunday School News.

WORD comes from Lancaster, Pa., that the Sunday school in the Unitarian church is taking on new life, and has increased its attendance and membership during the year.

The church school of the Northside Unitarian church, Pittsburg, Pa., is making a fine record this year. The membership has increased to one hundred, with an average attendance of seventy-five. Owing to great distances to be covered by some of the pupils, regular attendance is impossible. For these a "home department" has been provided, with a course of study graded in the same way as is the course followed by the school. Quarterly reports from the parents of the work done at home are given, and certificates will be given at the end of the year to those who have done the work. Seventeen members are at present enrolled in the home department.

A class of young girls meets each Saturday afternoon for sewing and music, and renders service to the church as a choir at the Sunday morning service.

This school observed rally day on October 28 with great success, carrying out an excellent program.

A Hymn of Our Faith.

[It is hoped that every child in our Unitarian Sunday schools knows the familiar form of "Our Faith" which was compiled from a sermon by James Freeman Clarke: "The Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, the Leadership of Jesus, Salvation by Character, the Progress of Mankind, onward and upward forever." "Unitarian Day" was recently observed in our church in Meadville, Pa., and for the occasion a hymn was written, embodying each of these points of our faith, by Henry H. Barber, D.D. We

are sure that all our readers, old and young, will be glad to know this hymn, so we print it here. Do some of our readers remember Dr. Barber's poem about a horse, called "The Passing of the Au Sable," published some time ago in *The Beacon*? You may tell us, if you choose, in letters to the Beacon Club.—Ed.]

HYMN, "OUR FAITH."

BY H. H. BARBER, D.D.

[To tune Duke Street.]

Our Father, God, we dare to claim
The fullness of that highest name;
We know thee as the Perfect Good,
And rest us in thy Fatherhood.

Children of thee, we bless the tie
That binds our one humanity,
And own the universal plan
That brings the brotherhood of man.

We follow where the Master leads
Unbound by subtleties of creeds;
And seek the Way, with all our powers,
That leads to thee, his God and ours.

Thy call to higher life we own,
In character and service shown;
And in the joy of heart and mind
Earnest of full salvation find.

Forever upward still, and on,
Till work and destiny be one;
Beyond all sorrow, sin and strife
Immortal Good, Eternal Life.

After all, the kind of world one carries about in one's self is the important thing, and the world outside takes all its grace, color, and value from that.

LOWELL.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XLV.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 8, 23, 12, 16, 13, 1, 5, is a girl's name.
My 7, 17, 8, 4, 20, 24, is a boy's name.
My 21, 2, 7, 19, is part of a tree.
My 16, 6, 22, is a bird.
My 7, 9, 14, 20, 3, is a grayish color.
My 18, 15, 11, 10, is to shine.
My whole is an American poet.

RUTH EYRE DAVIES.

ENIGMA XLVI.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 1, 9, 3, 4, is a place to get water.
My 8, 14, 17, 16, is something on most every one's head.
My 8, 6, 7, is a piece of meat.
My 11, 13, 2, 10, 9, is a river in Germany.
My 13, 5, 4, 3, is a rising on the ground.
My 7, 12, is a personal possessive pronoun.
My 20, 9, 6, 15, is not far.
My 18, 19, 10, is a younger member of the family.
My whole is a general of the War of 1812.

SUSAN TUCKER.

ENIGMA XLVII.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 10, 6, 7, is to chop.
My 3, 13, 4, 2, is one who devours.
My 1, 11, 12, is an invention regarding cotton.
My 5, 8, 9, is used for lighting.
My 14, 15, 16, is a weight.
My whole is a much-honored name.

ALICE E. THOMPSON.

CURTAILED WORD.

I'm but a little letter, still
I've various duties to fulfil;
But if you take
My tail you make
An alteration in my lot;
You'll say I'm shorter, but I'm not.
Young Days.

WORD SQUARE.

My first is in the pasture.
My next we should not do.
My last is very small.

G. BOWKER.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 19.

ENIGMA XLI.—John Haynes Holmes.
ENIGMA XLII.—*The Modern Priscilla*.
WAR-TIME ENIGMAS.—I. Torpedo. II. General.
CENTRAL ACROSTIC.—Y o D e l
S t A g e
S e V e n
S p I n e
T i D a l

TWISTED FLOWERS.—1. Carnation. 2. Dahlia.
3. Aster. 4. Daisy. 5. Tea-rose. 6. Clematis. 7. Marigold. 8. Geranium.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive



PUBLISHED BY
The BEACON PRESS, Inc.
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from
104 E. 20th St., New York
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago
162 Post St., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscriptions, 50 cents. In packages to schools, 40 cents

Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON